

Pynbr Yin Pynbr Gy JyyneC

by Kira Akuma

Category: Final Fantasy XII, Harry Potter

Genre: Family

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 00:34:03

Updated: 2016-04-14 03:20:57

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:32:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 6,322

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: what if Shiva empress of ice an snow adopted a lost lonely little girl called Neve (a female harry potter)? better yet, what would happen if a powerful spirit of ice and snow attended Hogwarts? Rated out of paranoia... If you can figure out what the tittle means, then your are AMAZING!

1. Lost Little Girl

Ok, so this idea came to me COMPLETELY randomly... I got this idea after I started playing Final Fantasy XII Revenant Wings a sequel to FFXII (I had no idea there even WAS a sequel)... Anyways, in it there are two characters called Shivar (Shiva's husband) and Shivan (Shiva's Heir). And this idea naged on me since I saw the Shiva adopts Harry stories like "Raised by Espers by Fairystail".

Their story was pretty amazing, but it's time I started talking about my own... I have immense trouble writing from a guys perspective, so like always, this is a FEM HARRY STORY! If you don't like those** DON'T READ. **

For those who are still reading, this story is about a little girl who lived with a family of human shaped animals called the Dursley family. Her name was Neve, and she loved winter more than anything.

The Dursleys hated her with a passion though, so they decided one snowy Christmas morning that they would rather Neve outside than let her ruin their Christmas. So that fateful morning Petunia, the horse shaped gossip hound house wife of the family; went into Neve's cupboard and wrapped her up in the few tatters that they called blankets, and hauled Neve into the family's car.

Vernon was waiting eagerly in the car, ready to drive Neve into the local forest. They may want her got, but the Dursley have been trying to groom Neve into the perfect housemaid ant they didn't want all their hard work to go to waist so easily. the forest had a thick

layer of snow over it, so the walrus of a man left Neve under a tree where the snow was only an inch or two high.

Neve's pale skin and white sheets made it nearly impossible to find for a normal human. Yet luck was on Neve's side. That day, Shiva and her paramour were having a look through the beautiful wonders of winter without the aid of a Yarhi. Shiva was doing her best to thaw the frozen heart of her husband enough to maybe have a chance at having an Heir, but had little to no luck. Yet she was a stubborn spirit till the end! It was to her immense shock to see a living creature in a pile of rags nearly buried in snow.

" Shivar," she said in a worried tone, something that was rare to hear from the queen of ice.

" What is it?" The man replied with a harsh tone. He was like usual a icy, insensitive prick.

" Never mind," Shiva replied with an exasperated tone. She then floated over to the bundle and gently unraveled it to find a tiny black haired girl with skin that was nearly as white as the snow she slept in.

As soon as Shiva touched the chilled skin of Neve, the tiny girl opened her green eyes. To shiva the shade was so bright only the crystal that could summon her so long ago could match it.

" W- who are you?" The tiny girl asked, and immediately retreated into a ball for fear of being punished for asking a question.

" Aren't you cute," shiva cooed, " my name is Shiva, and the grumpy puss over there is Shivar." The man mentioned, humfed in reply, not at all interested in his wife's discovery. "now can you give us your name?" She asked in the same soft captivating tone as before.

" N-" she began and with more of Shiva's natural charm Neve managed to get out, " NevePotter," without a pause between the words.

"Neve?" Shiva replied, " that's a beautiful name little snowflake!" Shiva then started to tickle the little girl and all around make Neve feel safe and cared about. After Shiva settled down, she finally asked, " Now could you tell me why your out here?"

That simple question made Neve freeze like a block of ice, with an aura of sadness. Yet she still managed to say, " probably because my family doesn't want a freak to ruin their Christmas..."

The gentle breeze that traveled through the town came to a sudden halt as Shiva let these words sink in. Fury slowly crept onto her normally friendly face, and without warning a whirlwind of ice and snow crashed upon the unsuspecting town, leaving everything buried in snow except that small quiet forest. Even though Shivar didn't show it, even he felt anger at the little girls words. '_ How can Humes be so cruel to one of their own?_' He thought with the spark of what remained of his emotions.

Neve was scared when she saw the fury on the pretty blue ladies face, fearing the worst she curled up in a ball again. Yet when she felt Shiva's hand petting her head Neve was surprised. She expected

something harsh like a slap or a kick, but the gentle petting of the blue lady was far from expected.

" If you want, well take care of you instead," Shiva said gently, barely keeping her anger at bay. " Just tell us there these relatives are."

Neve was shocked but was able to mutter, " Number four Private Drive."

" Thank you snowflake," Shiva whispered. She then picked Neve up and said, " Now lets go tell your relatives the news," before they disappeared in a shower of ice and snow.

Before Neve knew it they were in front of the house she had said not moments ago. Shiva kicked down the door with her Stiletto heeled slippers, startling freezing the residents of No. 4 private Dr. Shiva had a merciless grin as she sauntered into the residence, Shivar not far behind her.

Petunia was the first to speak, with a cry of, " put some clothes on! There are children here!"

"why should I? Because it's normal?" Shiva replied harshly, " or is it because of all the wonderful ice and snow around you?"After the last word a harsh wind started to swirl around the room, freezing it and its occupants slowly. " I just wanted to thank you for taking care of this little snowflake for so long, and tell you that we are adopting her," Shiva said with an all too cheerful voice, letting Neve peek out from behind her, " well be leaving now, enjoy freezing to death!" They then disappeared from private drive, never to be seen by its occupants ever again.

AN: and that's the prologue! I'll hopefully have the next chapter done soon... Oh! Before I forget, Neve DOES have a meaning... if you didn't get the hint I put in, Neve means Snow! ^^

2. Shades of Blue

AN: I never thought this would get SO MUCH attention in such a short amount of time... let me just say, THANK YOU to: BigD2k, Kuro-Rosa-Koi, Pokezeb, PyruxDeltax, RainDancin, Slycutter, icegoddess52, and rikkisango for following this story! And another round of thank you's to BigD2k, Kuro-Rosa-Koi, PyruxDeltax, Ragnz, lazeraider, macsammy, rikkisango for favoriting my story...

Enjoy chapter 2, Shades of Blue!

* * *

><p>Yarhi have a dimension not quite separate from Neve's called the Dimension of Illusions. It is a place where humans can barely survive due to all the elemental magic in the air. Because of the likelihood of Neve surviving, Shiva took them to the floating continents first. There Shiva asked Neve a question that would change the course of fate, " would you like to be my daughter?"<p>

Neve was shocked, but nodded in reply.

Now it should be noted that there may be lots of Yarhi, but not many of them have a spirit. They lack personality. But if a "class 3" wants, they can turn a person into a Yarhi. There are restrictions though! Each "class 3" can only use their affinity for this.

" This may hurt," shiva said softly. She then used her magic to turn little Neve into the personification of Shivan. Neve passed out soon then picked Neve and took her to the ice palace she ruled over within the Dimension of Illusions.

Neve now Shivan was left within her own room. The walls were made of ice with an inner hue of blue. In the middle of the room was a king sized four poster bed with electric blue curtains decorated with a myriad of different colored snowflakes. Matching blankets bar the midnight blue base, and a mound of pillows in different shapes and shades of blue hid the tiny form of Shivan.

When Neve awoke, she felt disoriented at first. She swung her legs over the bed so that she could see what's different. Her legs were covered with thigh high socks. She was wearing an emerald night gown that went down to her knees. She found the wall behind her bed was a giant mirror with the edges frosted.

Neve was surprised at what she saw. Her skin was pale like before, and her eyes were still a bright green but that was where the similarities ended. Her hair was longer than she was tall (by at least a foot) and it was a steel blue color. Her ears were longer and came to a point. Her nails were painted ultramarine as well.

_ ' It's_ _so blue here,' _Neve thought curiously. She slowly got up and walked over to what looked like the closet.

Inside was an extremely organized walk in closet. To the right was sleep wear while on the left was day wear. Most of the day clothing were blue dresses with extra long sleeves and a large white snowflake on the front. The shelf above the clothes had long white scarves, and the floor below the dresses had slotted shoe compartments filled with light blue slippers. About half the pairs of shoes had a large white puffball on the middle of the shoe. The top row had drawers instead of compartments. Inside were white snowflake clips.

Neve quickly got dressed in the whole ensemble, and found that the clips were meant for the scarf. It seemed like second nature to wear the odd dress. She then left to find Shiva.

The hallway had the same kind of walls as her room except they had a rainbow effect, each step brought Neve into another color. Shiva was on her way to Shivan's room when she saw Shivan in the hallway.

" Good morning Shivan," Shiva said once she was close to Neve.

"shivan?" Neve asked Shiva. Neve was startled at the fact that she asked a question, then replied, "Good morning lady Shiva."

" Please lose the formality," Shiva replied, " I'm calling you Shivan because you're my daughter now." Shiva then pulled Neve close and said, " My daughter's name is Shivan, and you're now my daughter."

Neve looked up to Shiva, and smiled at the new name. It honestly seemed to fit.

3. Raiden, JUNIOR Spirit of Lightning

AN: from now on Neve will be called Shivan! hope you enjoy the second chapter of the day! i didn't think Shades of Blue was long enough, so im posting a second chapter today!^^ i like to post as i go, so my posting will be EXTREMELY random at best...

* * *

><p>It's been two years since Neve became Shivan, and now Shivan is six years old. Today is the day she gets to meet the only other Yarhi about her age.<p>

~~~POV Change~~~

Raiden was nervous. He had never met anyone his age. His aunt Shemhazai was going to take him to Mateus's home to meet Shivan. He had heard a lot of things about her from his father Ramuh, but had never met anyone from outside of the lightning section. "It's a day of surprises," he said on the way to Mateus's Ruins. Why she liked to live in ruins was anyone's guess.

~~~POV Change~~~

Shivan couldn't wait to meet Raiden. Her mother said that Raiden was a genius for his age and was filled to the brim with energy. Aunt Mateus was good friends with Shemhazai, so it was easy to meet at her home. It was a little nerve racking though since this was the first time meeting someone her own age since she became who she is now though.

Raiden was interesting. He had blonde hair and storm cloud grey eyes. He had a casual black robe on and lemon yellow shorts. He seemed nervous with how he clutched his wooden rod, making the vines wrapped around it wilt a little. He was shifting around in his bark brown jester shoes.

Shivan was wearing one of her few dresses _without_ a snowflake on the front. Her scarf on the other hand had a myriad of metallic rainbow clips along its length. She wore yellow socks in honor of the lightning Yarhi she was meeting. Her slippers were the usual light blue she liked to wear without the white balls of fluff.

Shivan began with, " hello! You must me Raiden, right? My name is Shivan!"

He looked into Shivan's emerald eyes, then said, " hello Shivan... nice to meet you."

Shivan grinned, then pulled Raiden over to her building. Shivan had claimed one of the ruined buildings a long time ago. It was in what remained of the Macalania Forest. Each time the world went through an Astral and Umbral Era the magic enriched areas that didn't change for the new era would go Realm of illusions.*

Inside was a room full of toys, books and what remained of the

different eras. She found these objects amazing and fun to find. Her crowning treasure though, was the Aurum Circlet of Casting she had with the Protomateria in place of a purple jewel. Surprisingly, she found changing the shape of materia easy. She normally wore it rather than leave it in her treasure room.

Shivan gave Raiden a tour of the room then took him treasure hunting through the ruins. Each time they found something it was a game of who wants it more. Raiden held a desire for knowledge while Shivan preferred toys and shiny things, making it easy to choose who gets the treasure.

The hardest piece of treasure to decide over was a sword they found though. It had a red and black blade, and a large purple crystal at the base and a black hilt. Shivan wanted to keep it because it was beautiful and had a kind of "pull" for her while Raiden wanted it because of its mysterious origins. Being a blade that had no clear purpose in the middle of a ruined stone village drew his curiosity. In the end Shivan got to keep it as long as Raiden got the chance to study the blade.

When they got back to their aunts the two class threes seemed surprised to see Shivan carrying a sword, and Raiden carrying a burlap bag filled to the seams with old trinkets and books. Shivan had forever tainted Raiden to the treasure hunter mentality, further stimulating his natural curiosity.

Shivan promised Raiden that she would learn how to use her new sword when they parted ways.

4. Akai Kiri

Sentient swords are EXTREMELY rare, even in the Dimension of Illusions. So when Shivan saw her sword move on its own she was honestly surprised. When she pushed at its presence a wave of pure rage fell over her. None of it was directed at Shivan though.

After some time of letting the sword vent its anger, she tried to see if it could talk by saying, "Hello, my name is Shivan! What's yours?"

" Madoushi," the sword replied telepathically. It wasn't actually talking through, it was more of an impression. It then gave another name, " Akai Kiri."

" So either Sorceress or Red Mist? I think I'll go with Akai Kiri," Shivan replied with a grin. She let some more of her magic flow in and out of the blade, getting a feel of what Akai Kiri was like. The blade's magic was centered around its jewel, which seemed to be like a large Auracite in nature. Akai Kiri gave no resistance to Shivan's magic, and even held onto it when Shivan tried ending the connection. So Shivan let the connection stay, and kept Akai Kiri close.

~~~Time Skip~~~

It has been about three years since that day, and Shivan was nine years old. She had found a teacher in Odin. Odin was the less prideful of the Yarhi swordsmen. Today was the conclusion of her lessons with him because Akai Kiri wanted to train Shivan the rest of

the way, so they were having a celebration. Odin even got her a pet Tonberry to spar with.

Although Shivan was still a "class one" she was close to becoming a "class two." Mastering wielding Akai Kiri would be the last push she needed. Shiva promised to train Shivan in ice type battle magic if she reached "class two." ' I'm going up in the ranks!' Shivan thought gleefully. Akai Kiri was reflecting these emotions as well. If Shivan gets strong enough she can take on his revenge.

Not far from the Dimension of Illusions is another dimension called Wonderland. This world devoured others like Cuchulainn at an all you can eat buffet. It devoured Akai Kiri's world, and he wanted revenge on the personification of the world; Earl Tyrant. Originally he wanted revenge on his brother Shiroi Kumo too, but Shivan talked him out of that as soon as it started. Shivan knew that he wanted revenge, but also that the Earl Tyrant was on a "class three" level of power. Maybe even stronger than that, so she waited to strike.

~~~Time Skip Two Years~~~

Akai Kiri was a powerful blade. His abilities centered around the elements, especially fire. Yet Shivan still managed to use the blade to its fullest extent. She adapted the flare Sword ability into a Freeze Sword spell. Freeze was the ice counterpart to Flare after all. They were both on an equal standing in power, just come from a different source of power.

The natural weakness of Shivan and most of the ice Yarhi is fire magic, so a blade who's natural affinity is fire magic is extremely scary. It took Shivan a while to find a buffer between her and the flames, but Shivan finally found a treasure in a pair of flare bracers that didn't affect her magic. It turns out that Akai Kiri had his own magic core inside of his gem. He generated his own fire based magic and powered the gauntlets without touching her.

Shivan took advantage of this source of magic whenever she spared with someone weak to fire like her mom and dad. She was getting bored of all the training, and exploring though. It was hard to move around in her ruin because of all the treasures she had accumulated. So she finally decided to see if she could hop to another world. Getting permission was easy, with how strong she was getting.

Her journey to the world of her origin was easy. It was a rather dull world that relied on electricity rather than magic. Shivan was going to return home until she got swarmed by owls. The owls were really rather persistent with how they were swarming. They were all different species and sizes, the only thing consistent was that they seemed to all be carrying letters tied to their legs. It took a while for her to calm the birds down enough to get the letters, especially with how Akai Kiri was insisting that she should start cooking a few to a crisp. (Shivan is still trying to help him tone down his rage!)

The birds seemed to all be coming with a letter from someplace called " Hogwarts." About half of them had a teleportation spell on them, so shivan let Akai Kiri bake them to a crisp. The rest went with Shivan back home along with a winter owl.

Shiva thought the letters were extremely funny when saw the content. It seemed to be an acceptance letter to a school of magic. " can I go mom?" Shivan asked, eager to have an excuse to stay out of the Dimension of Illusions. Though Shivan can't be parted from Akai Kiri for long, even in sleep. Her magic became too intertwined with his to be parted, making it suicidal to be separated for more than a few minutes. They even wrote this little rule into the reply. The reply was as follows:

_Dear Deputy headmistress, _

_It would be my honor to send my daughter to your school, but I do have a few concerns. My daughter has an artifact that she can't be parted from a magic artifact that she hold onto, and our family has some traditional clothes we wear. I would also like to be assured that I can expect at least a monthly visit from my daughter. Can we also have a guide for my daughter to get her supplies? Not all of them are easy to find here, and some seem to be unique to your community like the books. _

_Sincerely, _

_Shiva, Empress of ice and snow _

They sent the letter off with the owl, and had Shivan booked into a five star hotel until the school year started. Shivan practiced her magic by moving Akai Kiri around with her magic alone.

5. Goblins and Shopping

Minerva was puzzled. When she went to go get Neve, she expected to see a small black haired girl with emerald eyes and some kind of muggle clothing. Instead she found a small girl with gray blue hair with emerald eyes and blue robes that almost seemed magical in nature. Across the back of her hip was a black and red sword. ' That must be the artifact that Shiva mentioned,' Minerva thought nervously, ' Dumbledore would never let that in to Hogwarts!'

Akai Kiri didn't like the woman that was at the door. She seemed strict and rule abiding to the last. After experiencing what it meant to be free from rules, Akai Kiri lost his rule abiding side. While Shivan had mixed feelings, she could feel Akai Kiri's distrust in the woman, but Shivan still wanted to give her a chance.

" Are you miss Neve?" Asked Minerva.

"I was, now I'm Shivan," Shivan replied, " your my guide, right?"

" Yes, may I come in?" The teacher replied.

Akai Kiri gave off a warning feeling that basically meant, "you'll regret letting her in!" So Shivan offered, "lets go to somewhere else," So that it satisfied them both. Angering Akai Kiri was an unwise idea, especially since Shivan has her magic literally bound to his.

Minerva agreed, so they went to have lunch at the Leaky Cauldron. Shivan had a glass of ice water so she could eat ice cream later. The Yarhi are really rather picky eaters; each sticking to foods that

relate to their element. The water Yarhi held a taste for frozen foods and soups. The three royal ice and snow Yarhi liked eating ice cream the most.

After lunch Minerva took Shivan to the wizarding bank to trade in her Gil. The Goblins looked like the mask less goblins of old. Shivan found lots of books about them when she went treasure hunting with Raiden. ' It fits with how some of them seem like warriors, and how Goblins valued coins most of all,' Shivan thought, with Akai Kiri confirming her guess.

When they got to a counter, the goblin seemed surprised about something. It called another goblin over and whispered something to him. The second goblin confirmed whatever the first was asking, so the first asked, "would you please come with me Miss Shivan?"

Shivan was surprised about the request, but followed anyways. She was lead into an office with marble walls and tiled floors. In the middle of the back wall was a desk and an old battle scared goblin seated at the desk. " so a summon decides to come to our bank?" The goblin said with a gruff gravely voice.

" I prefer to be called a Yarhi, thank you very much," Shivan growled back. The summons all have different titles, showing what kind of summon they are. It is honestly extremely rude by their standards to be called a summon by anyone other than their summoner.

"I apologize," the Goblin replied, " It was just a precaution."

"Precaution?" Shivan replied angrily, not resisting the angry nature of Akai Kiri.

" Some of the mortal wizards have tried to steal from the Summons vaults," he said with a predatory grin, "but they met a horrid end."

"I see..." Shivan replied, calming down slowly. " I don't need the vaults, I brought my own Gil," Shivan added, placing a bag full of gold 1000 gill coins depicting the heroes of previous eras. Exploring the Dimensions of illusions was extremely profitable for Shivan. The goblins added up the worth of her coins (they all seemed to be antiques!) and sent Shivan on her way with a bag filled with galleons.

Minerva was waiting outside the bank patently for Shivan to finish her business with the goblins. They then proceeded to the trunk shop so Shivan could carry her school supplies in it. The shop had lots of different trunks for different occasions. Shivan picked one with a fire and ice theme. The shop owner said that it was based of a poem by Robert Frost called Fire and Ice. It had three compartments: one for fire, one for ice, and the last had both themes. The ice compartment had a large walk in library, the fire compartment had a large kitchen, and the last had a house with two bedrooms and one bathroom.

The next store was the Apothecary. The magic from all the ingredients flooded Shivan's senses. All the summons were essentially made out of magic; this made them extra sensitive to external magic. These potion ingredients were all carrying different magic signatures, most

conflicted when it comes in contact with the magic of other potion ingredients. The group were in and out quickly with two sets of first year ingredients. Minerva didn't like the store anymore than Shivan.

The bookstore was a heaven for Shivan. Raiden's desire for knowledge rubbed off on Shivan when they explored, so a bookstore was amazing to her. Akai Kiri loved learning new things as well. He didn't have much free time on his world, but the little he did have was spent in the libraries. That was another thing that peaked Shivan's curiosity as well. Akai Kiri use to be an actual person that wielded that blade.

Their last destination was the wand shop. Since Shivan was getting special permission to wear her own clothes, they were able to skip the tailors. Ollivander the wand Smith was a very curious man. He was getting more and more excited the more wands that they had gone through, especially after Shivan shattered a wand made of Holly with a Phoenix feather core. After too many wands he finally noticed the sword shivan was carrying.

"Can you please leave Ms Minerva McGonagall?" The wand maker asked. He asked Shivan once she left, "You use a different focus don't you?"

Shivan was surprised but pulled of Akai Kiri and presented it to the wandmaker saying, "I use Akai Kiri to cast most magic. Is that a problem?"

He grinned and pulled Shivan to the back room. He then pushed shivan over to the shelves of wood with a quick comment of, "find the wood that resonates with your magic." Shivan did as told, and found a blood stained hunk of black wood. "That one?" The wand maker asked. He then started explaining, "that piece of wood was interesting. It came from a tree near the portal to Wonderland. The blood soaking it is said to have been from one of that great dragons that emerged from the portal. Blackthorn has an affinity for battle magic, but with the addition of that blood, you'll be a force to be reckoned with."

He then took both the wood and Akai Kiri over to his work table. He examined Akai Kiri extensively until he seemed to pull magic from Akai Kiri's jewel and condense it into a needle shaped crystal. Shivan could hear Akai Kiri's screaming from having some of his magic taken without warning. He then took the wood to a lathe and shaped it into a nine inch wand. He pushed the needle in through the tip, leaving a half inch out. It had the same color as Akai Kiri's mist. Unknown to Shivan, it had the appearance of a Philosopher's Stone.

Shivan got a wrist sheath for the wand, and left with the deputy headmistress. With her shopping done, Shivan dedicated her time to exploring, training, and reading her books.

6. Bog Witch on the Train

The train station was chaotic to say the least. On her way to the platform, Shivan cast an invisibility spell so people wouldn't notice her and her sword. Because of her inventory (an amazing magical storage) she didn't need to waist mist on her trunk as well. She

couldn't help but listen to a family of red heads she saw.

"So do you remember what Dumbledore told you?" The mother of the family asked her youngest while she fixed his collar.

"Make the girl who lived my best mate," he replied dutifully.

"And what does she look like?" The woman replied with a satisfied tone.

"Long bluish hair and green eyes?" He asked his mother.

She pinched the boys cheeks affectionately and replied, "perfect, now let's get ready for the mud bloods!"

Shivan had enough at that point, and ran through the wall (still invisible). Once she got into an empty compartment on the train she reached out for Akai Kiri's Comforting presence. Akai Kiri replied in kind, covering Shivan in his magic.

The result was unexpected. Because of how Akai Kiri had fire magic while Shivan had water, they refrained from letting their magic mix too much. Now that it is, Shivan's appearance was taking on a few aspects of Akai Kiri's. The top of her hair turned to a brilliant Crimson, and faded to Shivan's natural hair color. The hair that normally framed her face and cascaded down her front turned to a deep unnatural black. A ring of red surrounded her emerald irises.

As soon as it happened, Shivan and Akai Kiri pulled their magic apart (as much as they could anyways). Shivan returned to her normal appearance as soon as they pulled apart.

Although fire magic is the natural opposite to water, it was actually very soothing to them for that odd merging of magic to happen. They experimented merging their magic a few more times until they finally figured out why Shivan's appearance change.

Because summons are completely made of magic, their magic affects their appearance. So having his fire magic cover her was the same as mixing their magic.

They decided to keep up the transformation so that people like the little red head don't deliberately seek them out. She tucked her hair into her dress, and pulled out the red while keeping her blue hair hidden. She kept her black bangs out though.

Akai Kiri seemed to hold feeling of pride was centered around the black hair. When Shivan asked, he replied with images of a man with bright red hair and a trio of black horns.

She was going to ask more, but someone opened the compartment door. The person at the door had the most fluffy hair that Shivan had seen on a human. The fact that it was brown made Shivan wonder if the girl in front of her was part tabby.

"have you seen a toad?" The girl asked.

"a toad?" Shivan asked. " can't say I haveâ€¦ You might want to ask an older year though. There is a spell that summons objects to your hand," she replied, "at least that's what I heard."

The bushy haired girl seemed miffed about something, but otherwise left in a hurry. Their next visitor was actually a toad! The toad had the magic of a Bog Witch, as if it was a Bog Witch.

"Who are you?" Shivan asked it in the Yarhi's tongue. The Yarhi are the closest summons to the monster races, some Yarhi even are monster lords. This connections to monsters leads their languages to be nearly identical.

"One of the elders?" It croaked in surprise. "I am the Bog Witch of the Longbottom heir."

"Then to he you must return!" Shivan replied alarmed. When a monster swears themselves to a human, it shows the human is actually worth being protected. To a monster, a human master is a great honor and they refrain from leaving the masters side.

"To he I can not return. A curse prevents toads to get near him," the toad replied, regret lacing her every word.

"Then I'll break it! No curse is without a cure!" Shivan said with conviction. She then picked up the toad to its surprise, and left for the toads owner. Being cursed, it took little time to find the Longbottom Heir. The curse was simple, but strong. It covered about a 3 yalm radius.

While Shivan was examining the curse Akai Kiri was examining Shivan. Her body seemed to take on some of the visual markers of a Misterian. Upon a simple scan of magic, he found Shivan's imitation of lungs held the same lining that made Misterians exhale mist. This gave him an idea though.

"Shivan," he said through their bond.

"Akai Kiri?" She asked in response, having no idea that he scanned her.

"Could you try something?" He asked. Getting a positive response, he asked while pushing his magic into the lining, "blow on the barrier."

She did as told, and the barrier fell upon contact with the red mist that fell from her breath. Akai Kiri pulled his magic from Shivan's lungs once he was done, making sure the mist wouldn't come out again. Shivan took a mental note to ask Akai Kiri what happened later. For the moment, Shivan needed to keep her word.

The boy was odd. Shivan had never met someone so young, yet so skittish. She couldn't help but like the cactuar like human. He looked like he would run away like one too. The boy calmed down instantly after he saw the toad.

"Does this toad belong to you?" Asked Shivan, feigning ignorance.

"Trevor!" He exclaimed excitedly, completely ignoring her inquiry. The toad in question leapt onto the boys lap, taking a content nap. "Thank you for finding him!"

"him?" Shivan asked with an amused tone, "you might want to find a

better name for her."

He shifted nervously, then asked, " how do you know Trevor is a girl?"

" Toads are..." Shivan began, unsure of the word to use, " common where I'm from." Technically they are common, but only because there were humans tried to become monsters through spells like the toad curse.

He looked surprised, but invited Shivan in to chat. Their conversation evolved from toads to plants. They continued chatting undisturbed until the train pulled into the station, content within each others presence.

AN: the Guest who reviewed my story was AMAZING! I love getting thoughtful reviews like this:

:Not bad of a story so far, I like it so far. Wonder how the students and the other teachers as well the headmaster will take this event. Keep it up, I like to see some more of this. Dang I cant think of a good ice/snow jokes right now. Wonder who try to get in the vault of the summons any way and what happen to them to meet there end? May be they got warp to a monster dungeon or something. And the pet is a Tonberry, man those guys are slow but deadly in any games iv played, well most of them slow at lest.) final fantasy crisis core 1 of the summons if u watch it u can understand what I mean.

And in honor of such an AMAZING review, I decided to do a little side story! ^^

****Folly of the fool:****

_ 'How can these creatures not expect to be stolen from?'_ Gellert Grindelwald thought as he walked into the bank under the guise of a greater lightning spirit.

He thought that if he got into the oldest vaults, he would gain the knowledge of old. The spirits were known for their knowledge and power after all.

The ruse "worked" at the front desk. The next hurdle? Not so much. The gates of the vaults held a test of sorts. Rather than a key, it needed the handprint to open. He had no choice but to put his hand upon the doors though. Once he did, Grindelwald was teleported to the world of monsters (an offshoot of the world of illusions).

~~~POV Change~~~****

_ 'The bog is restless'_ a young Tonberry thought. He grabbed his training lantern and dagger as he waddled over to where the disturbance was. The cause of which was a brown haired Mage.

The Tonberry looked curiously at the human, but stabbed it quickly ending the Humes life.

~~~POV End~~~****

That's right; the second darkest lord in history died not to a hero, but by the folly of his own greed. Dumbledore was hailed as a hero

because he lead the charge against Grindelwald's forces and defeated his remaining followers.

The Tonberry that killed Grindelwald grew up to be picked out by Odin as a special gift for his apprentice Shivan. He made a wonderful guard for her treasure during her time away.

End
file.